

D. A. MacCrimmon
MONEY
TO LOAN
On Real Estate.

THE CHRONICLE.

BRING YOUR
HAY AND GRAIN
To
MacCrimmon

VOL. II. NO. 32.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA. SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1909.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

THE TOGGERY.

FOR THOSE WHO KNOW
GLOVES

We have the Best for the Money. Prices from 50c. up
to \$2.50 per pair

SEE DAVE.

SUITS PRESSED.

D. G. HARVIE.

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

LUMBER!

LUMBER!

LUMBER!



CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD,
GEO. BECKER, Prop.

Mr. FARMER

WE ARE IN THE IMPLEMENT BUSINESS. This being
our first appearance in print.

WE Hold the Largest of Companies producing the Best
implements on the Market to-day.

DEERING Drills, Mowers, Rakes, Binders and Wagons.

MOLINE Plows, Discs and Mando Wagons.

CARLIN ORNDORFF Canton Plows

FAIRBANKS-MORSE Gasoline Engines and Windmills.

RED RIVER Special Threshers are all Standards that
others have copied and claim they have "just as good."

GENTLEMEN! Take the Tip and have nothing but the
original guaranteed by the makers and Sold by

McKAY BROS.

Crossfield, Alta.

Crossfield Drug Store

For Your Stationery and all
Medical Supplies.

MERRICK THOMAS.

C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Carstairs, Alberta

Dr. LARGE,

Dentist, Carstairs,

Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield,
Every Thursday.

AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE
Every Day, Except Wednesday and
Thursday.

Crossfield School District No. 752

The REGULAR MEETINGS of the above
School Board will be held in the School
House at 10 a. m. on the first Saturday
in the following months: January, March
May, July, September and November.

all matters of business pertaining to
this district will be attended to at this
meeting.

The office of the Sec. Treas. is in the
Store of D. G. Harvie.

J. A. MacDonald, Chairman.

G. W. Beeler, Sec-Treas.

DISC SHARPENING.

Now is the time to bring your Discs
to be sharpened at

JOHN FREW'S
Shoeing Forge.

Strayed

One black gelding, about eight years
old, braided **M** with small markings on
the head, and with big white ears high
up on front of fore-legs. Spotted to be
East of Crossfield or Airdrie. Notify
JESSE GOUGE,
Calgary.

Four Good Milch Cows
And A

Large Cream Separator
For Sale.

W. I. Thomas.

N. E. quarter Sec. 12-29-29. Just east of
Jas. Buddy's farm. j12465

LOST

Strawberry roan gelding pony branded
2 on left shoulder, tail cut short; had
halter and long rope on when it left
Crossfield. Last seen about 10 miles
east of Crossfield. \$5 reward will be
paid for its recovery to—

Craig Wilson, Crossfield.

The Warehouse Commissioner Gives Good Advice on Shipping Grain.

Things Every Grain Grower Should Know Regarding the
Grading, Selling and Shipping of Wheat.
A Few Important Don'ts.

C. C. Castle, the Dominion Ware-
house Commissioner, of Winnipeg,
in an address delivered in High
River recently, gave some good
advice and useful information to
farmers. The following report we
have condensed from The Times.

His own powers he briefly sum-
marized as follows:

To require all track buyers and
owners and operators of elevators,
warehouses and mills and all grain
commission merchants to take out
annual licenses and to fix the
amount of their bonds and to re-
quire their books to be kept on the
prescribed forms.

To supervise the handling and
storage of grain in and out of ele-
vators and warehouses and cars
and to enforce all rules and regula-
tions under the act.

The commissioner has power to
investigate all complaints made in
writing under oath regarding un-
due dockage, improper weights or
grading and the refusal or neglec-
tion to furnish cars within a reasonable
time or any charges of fraud or
negligence. He may inspect elevators, mill or
railroad or by rail or truck, commission
merchants or track buyer.

LOADING PLATFOMS

When asked about a loading
platform, he replied that one must be
supplied by the company when
ten farmers apply to the commis-
sioner for same, but such application
must be made before October 15th,
and such loading platform must be
constructed by the company within
thirty days after being ordered by
the commissioner. The loading plat-
form must be enlarged if the com-
missioner considers it insufficient to
accommodate the public.

Farmers were cautioned to do
their business in all cases in a busi-
nesslike way. For example the
speaker said:

"If I had ten thousand bushels
of wheat to market I would either
go myself or pay one man \$5 a day
to stay at the elevator and check all
weighing and see that all grain
tickets and warehouse receipts were
correctly made out. If any kicking
was needed, the time to kick was
when the load in dispute is in the
hopper of the scale. In case of a
dispute in regard to grade, a sample
should at once be taken and sent to
the inspector, whose ruling would be
final. All dockage should be
shown on the ticket. The correct
weight should be shown on the
ticket and the farmer should per-
sonally satisfy himself that it is the
correct weight."

Mr. Castle strongly urged the
erection of municipal scales con-
venient to the station and con-
sidered the weighing on a municipal
scale as a better check on the
weights of the elevator companies
than any private scales could be.
In case of farmers shipping car-
loads to the terminal, it was very
important that the farmer had
some proof of the quantity of grain
shipped, and especially so in pre-
senting any claim to the railway
company if the train was wrecked.

Fears of Indian Rising in B. C.

B. C. Wants Mounted Police
As Indians are Expected
To Cause Trouble.

Trouble of a serious nature
is brewing in B. C. and a
petition signed by nearly every
white resident of Hazelton and
vicinity has been sent to Ottawa
asking that patrols of R. N. W. M. P. be immediately
established for the preservation
of law and order along the
route of the Grand Trunk Pacific
in the northern interior.

There is a feeling of in-
security owing to the unrest
among the Siwashe Indians,
who are demanding heavy cash
payments for the passage of
the new line over an Indian
graveyard, 160 acres of land
to every native, young or old,
and generally better terms.

This news has hitherto been
suppressed to prevent anxiety
among the natives on the out-
side, but it is significant that
white women and children are
to be sent to the coast for the
winter when there is the greatest
likelihood of trouble arising.

The Indian tribes are well
armed and are scattered over
the entire district. Every-
thing is quiet now but it is re-
garded as the calm before the
storm.

made in duplicate, one for each
party.

7. Don't fail to obtain an ad-
vance of 75 per cent. of the value of
grain before surrendering bill of
lading to track buyer as his bonds
are made out on the assumption
that this practice is invariably
followed.

Don't forget to send clear and
implicit instructions regarding dis-
posal of shipment to the grain
commission merchant. Be sure to get
at the bank a sight draft for 75
per cent. of the value of the ship-
ment and send the bill of lading
attached to the draft to the head
office of the bank in Winnipeg and
notify the commission merchant
the name of the bank, and at the
same time tell him how to dispose of
said shipment. It is important
that you write the commission
merchant what grain you expect to
receive so he can call a survey by
board if necessary.

Duplicate weight and grade cer-
tificates can be obtained by the
shipper by writing to the Chief
Inspector at Fort William.

The speaker also emphasized the
need of farmers having greater
granary accommodation for the
storing of their own grain for a rise
in price or for seed the next season.
The commissioner also predicted an
improvement when two-car order
books, one for shipments east and
one for shipments to the Pacific
Coast, were introduced.

Subscriptions to this paper \$1.00
a year. Enclose a dollar bill and
your name and address in an
envelope and mail to us. We'll do
the rest.

In the Rose Garden.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press

It was on the third night of the new moon that Rev. Beverly Warren, mounted on his bicycle, rode through the darkness of his study, behind from the window the soft, white moving in his garden.

As the Rev. Beverly's garden was a vegetable garden, he thought fearfully of something sinfully trampling on his succulent salads, and he rose hastily. Suddenly he heard a noise, and, as he turned, he decided, however, that a horse would be shorter, a dog taller, and he did not believe in ghosts.

He went into the hall, took his hat from the rack and stepped softly over the threshold.

As his footsteps sounded on the gravel of the path the white object moved from the middle of the garden and fled. He heard the click of the gate as the thief entered.

"Hum!" mused the Rev. Beverly and bent over his letter desk. "A thief!" said as he straightened up.

The next morning a full-fledged investigator came to the house to demand deductions of money and matches. But the minister said nothing to his housekeeper. Common thieves did not come garbed in white, nor were they of slender outline and graceful bearing.

The Rev. Beverly had no unusual powers of penetration, but it had not taken him many moments to decide that the spoiler of his garden was a woman.

"But why?" he debated the next night as he finished his sermon—"was there a woman stealing lady, I can assure, by the grace of her carriage, why she should steal my little onions and my lettuce?"

But all the wisdom of the Scriptures did not answer his question. And after his sermon was finished he again turned out his light and sat in the darkness of his study.

And again, as he mused, he saw a patch of onions above the garden fence. Breathless he watched, and clearer and clearer came the ghostly figure until it stood just beneath his window.

Then a voice said, "I have come to pay you for the vegetables."

"Oh, how the simple readiness of speech has forsaken the clergyman. 'Ooh, I beg your pardon!'

"No, you needn't beg it," the voice said again. "I picked some lettuce and onions last night, and here is the money. It isn't a very conventional way to go to market, but we wanted a salad, and—"

The Rev. Beverly, peering over the sill, caught the sparkle in her eyes as she made her half apology.

"Upon my word, your salade," he said dryly.

"Ah—" her little laugh rippled out—"think of my predicament! Some people come from the city hungry, and there was none to give them food except me. But see, I am such a new housekeeper—we came only yesterday—and Susanne, my maid, forgets to tell me when things are out, and the shops are so far away—so, while she made an end, I drew into your garden—and fand back and no one was the wiser."

"I saw you," the Rev. Beverly informed her, "and I thought you were a thief."

"Oh, there was a little gap. 'It look like it, didn't it? But you see, I have brought the money.' And the silver glittered on the sill as she spread it out before him."

"No," the Rev. Beverly protested: "you are perfectly welcome to anything you can get."

"Oh, but you must—" there was a note of alarm in her voice—"because I should feel as if I had stolen if I am not allowed to pay."

He was smiling down at her. "You can't imagine how I rose from your garden," she said.

"Why don't you roses of your own?" she demanded.

He sighed. "I hardly dare allow myself the luxury of roses. It is cheaper to buy roses—especially to buy them, and a clergyman in a small town has to think of expense."

"I suppose," doubtfully, "that your salary is not large?"

"No, but there are donations." His eyes twinkled.

"Such as roses?" She was laughing up at him. The moonlight touched her hair with gold. The pulses of the Rev. Beverly began to beat.

"May I come over some time and walk with you in your rose garden?" he asked.

"Come now," was the quick response.

He went, and it was the beginning of friendship.

"How lovely," Constance confided to her aunt who had come up to her niece's colonial mansion for the purpose of chaperone. "And he's here in this little town because he feels that he is needed more than in a city where he could get much more money."

"Constance," her aunt warned, "don't get romantic with a country parson."

"He has the dearest little cottage," Constance said, "with a vegetable garden. He never touches a radish or parsley, and I put roses in his button-hole. It's very interesting," she sighed.

"It may be tragic for him."

"Why?"

"If you make him love you—what then?"

"Well?" Constance's tone was defiant.

"I can't marry any one but Warren Olmstead."

Constance's eyes dashed. "I can too! If I don't marry Warren, I merely lose my inheritance. I don't deny that. I'm not a fool."

But did it ever occur to you that I might prefer a man to a fortune?"

"You would miss the fortune," was the quiet answer. "You were not made for love in a cottage. Constance's eyes flashed.

But Constance was down the path. She bent over a pink rose bush and picked a bud just as the Rev. Beverly Aides came in.

"Roses red and violets blue," she quoted. "Can you tell me the rest of the rhyme?"

"If you love me as I love you." He hesitated. "You mustn't make me say such things."

"Why not?"

"Because I have nothing to offer you but a cottage and a vegetable garden. I was looking down at her with somber eyes.

"And if I don't marry any one Warren Olmstead, I'll be a pauper. I lose my fortune. And I won't marry him so I am really homeless—and please, I'd like to come and live in your cottage."

Aunt Anne's charge over the envelope found an outlet in a letter to Warren Olmstead. "Come up and rescue Constance from her country parson," was the theme.

But when Warren's answer came it was a revelation.

"Of all things!" Aunt Anne ejaculated.

"What's the matter?" Constance asked.

"Read that," said Anna Anne tragically.

It was a brief epistle, but it was very extraordinary, no doubt, for Constance danced with joy and waved the letter, crying, "Hooray! Hooray! Of all things!" Aunt Anne ejaculated again.

Constance caught her breath quickly. "You mustn't tell Beverly," she said with a smile.

"Why not?"

"He won't marry," Constance said mysteriously, "if he knows it."

So they were married quietly and in private, in a cottage, and Aunt Anne went home and the old colonial house was closed, and the winter came, and the roses were wrapped in winding sheets of straw.

"Will you miss the rose garden next summer?" said the parson as he and his wife sat up the snowbank. "I wonder who will live there then?"

"The new tenant," said Constance, who, wrapped in a big red cloak, was leaning on her husband's arm. "Wealthy. There will be a young clergyman, a very handsome young clergyman, and a very, very loving little wife. Beverly."

"Constance!" He bent down over her.

"The house is mine," Warren wrote on the back of his hand.

He married first and forfeited his right, and I didn't want to tell you because you hated to have me rich. But don't you think it will be nice—for Beverly junior to play in the rose garden, dearest?"

Why Musicians "Tune Up" In Public—Most people have been puzzled to understand why musicians tune up their instruments in public and not before they enter the orchestra. If they attended to them before entering the theater, however, they might find the temperature different in the place of performance, and the instruments would not be in tune.

There are 750 kinds of flowers found in the arctic regions.

Manganese.

At the battle of Marignano the French army was virtually defeated, and while Bonaparte and his staff were considering their next move Dessaix suggested that there was yet time to attack the Austrians. They sent their men, renewed the battle and won a great victory over the Austrians, though the unfortunate Desaix lost his own life on that field.

Picture Pad.

A stationery novelty which is calculated to make the modern youngster enjoy his writing exercise in an unusual way. It consists of a small book-like pad, the cover of which is decorated with six different decoupage pictures. These are intended to be cut out when the tablet is exhausted and transferred to cardboard or boxes by the process which every child is familiar with.

There are six different designs of pieces used on the pads. One group consists of Indian heads; another shows a menagerie and yet another a spirited circus.

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Source of Misery

PROTRUDING PILES

Read the evidence that this distressing ailment is cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Some people find it hard to believe that anything short of a surgical operation will cure protruding piles. The doctors have brought about this belief in an amount of proof that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure for this as well as all other forms of piles.

Captain Wm. Smith, Revelstoke, writes:

"It is with much pleasure I state in your praise of Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching protruding piles of the rectum. I have had many cases of piles, and have been troubled by them for many years, and have completely cured myself. I had previously tried many other remedies, but they did me no good. I would strongly recommend this ointment to those suffering from this affliction for it is a good and genuine cure."

Mrs. Captain Clinchmann, Salve, Army, East Ont., writes:

"I am a delicate woman and undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly painless, is most effective. They are, however, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men."

Love's Languages.

It was the morning of that fearsome, uncertain day on which the bonds were to be made fast, where a tiny pair of feet, back, when he tries to pass into the world, and wonders and doubts and hesitations.

They were alone, and she drew near him, aware and watchful.

"Harold, dearest, in a few hours it will be over. Can you guess it?"

"No, but did you dream of me last night?"

"Yes, sweet. I saw you as a black, marvelous swan, drifting placidly all day on a mirror lake with here wings spread wide, the feathers of the winged leaf. And then I, a humble, ignorant boy, began to float out to you. And my soul took first dearest, and I thrilled all over as you swam superbly around, and I wished to be a poet, with a living passion, with a woman who would be mine."

"Bit, Harold, do you really love me?"

"He was, but he was afraid to say it."

"And when he said it, he was afraid to say it?"

"Yes, but he was afraid to say it."

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The New Mayor
Based on G. H. Broadhurst's Successful Play

The Man of the Hour

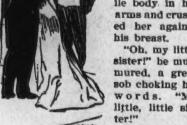
By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Copyright, 1907, by George H. Broadhurst.

(Continued.)

The secretary's pain, experiences mask of a face broke his back a look of infinite love and yearning. With a single gesture he laid his body in his arms and crushed her agains his breast.

"My little sister," he murmured, a great sob choking his words. "My little little sister."



He gathered Cynthia's fragile body in his arms, ready to express his contempt for the mint that sprang into his own hard old eyes. The sound recalled the secretary to himself.

"You've trapped me into this," he exclaimed, with a laugh that was half a groan, "and you must both promise to let me out of my secret. It won't be much longer now, thank God! But you'll both promise, won't you?"

"Sure!" assented Phelan.

"And you, too, Cynthia?" pleaded his brother. "You can trust me, can't you?"

"Of course I can. If you insist, I won't tell any one. I—"

"I'm happier this minute than I've ever been in all my whole life!" said the secretary, and he clasped his sister in his arms. "If you only knew how girl, how I've longed for this!"

"Here's the fun!" announced Perry, hurrying around the corner of the doorway. "Found it under a—"

Perry, with a look of mingled dash and mirthlessness, Thompson and his sister stood in close embrace before him, with Phelan looking on like some obscene caricature of a benevolent father.

A fan slipped from young Wainwright's nervous grip and the polished floor, its ivory sticks snapping like icicles.

CHAPTER XL

AT the breaking of the fan all three participants in the strange scene turned. A second or more they faced the crimson-faced, dumfounded Perry without a word. Here was an element in the affair on which neither Phelan nor Cynthia had counted, when giving their word that they would not reveal his identity. They gradually realized this, and it left even the ready-witted Phelan speechless.

Perry himself was first to break the spell.

"Well," he observed, with an assumption of airy scorn that was meant to be annihilating, "you all seem quite happy. Don't mind me. I'm sorry to butt in at this little love fest, but I left a dance here. Perhaps one of you can explain what's happened to her since?"

"Oh, Perry!" exclaimed Cynthia, "don't be silly! I'll tell you all about it some time. It is—" "Some time," squeaked Perry, rage bursting in his attempt at sarcasm. "Some time! Maybe it might be as well if you did condescend to explain. Here you promise to marry me, and ten minutes later I find you to a catch-a-catch-can hug with this ugly little she-devil. Phelan looking on as happy as if he'd eaten a candy! And then you've got the gall to tell me you'll explain 'some time'?"

He glared at Cynthia in all the majesty of outraged devotion, only to surprise her by the lady's face a look that indicated a violent struggle with the desire to laugh.

"This is funny all right, I guess not?" he snapped. "Cynthia, you're maled and smashed a loving heart, and I'll make you wish you'd forgotten you, but as far as you're concerned, this is over. Your sorrowful relatives will have all manner of fun sorting you out when I've finished with you! Steal my sweetheart, I would you, no ten minutes after I'd—"

Perry, who possessed Phelan, showing his powerful bulk good naturedly between the two younger men and linking his arm in Perry's. "Now you've got quite a bunch of hot words off your chest an' you'll be in better shape

to hear sense. Ain't you just a hoss bit ashamed?"

"'Ashamed?' I sputtered Perry. "Who?"

"Yes, you, youngster, and if you hold me up to be a 'boy' I'll sure be forced to wind up by making you do it. Now, stand off there—no, over there where you can see Miss Garrison—an' listen to me. So! Now, first of all, did you happen to be in love with this girl?"

"It's none of your messy business, but I did."

"Why'd you ask her to hitch up with you for keeps?"

"Because I liked her best!"

"Her? You find y'orself in a hole, too, boy?" persisted the alderman.

"Yes, and a nice way she's—"

"Pretty girl, too," mused Phelan as to himself. "In my young days if I could a' got a little beauty like that to sit articles with me I'd a' thought I was a lucky Jim. Jim. I'd—"

"So did I!" interrupted Perry hotly. "—"

But Phelan was continuing in some abstract monologue:

"As if I could a' seen from her eyes that she'd done good could I have known from Miss Garrison's that she had a heart as big as a watermelon an' as true as a Bible text an' as warm as a happy man's heart fire-well, if I'd known that, I'd a' given her a good generous heart that that same heart just clock-a-block full of love for my own ornery, cheap skape self I'd a' dropped down on both knees an' sent up a bunch of prayers to be allowed to go on dreamin' an' never, never wake up."

Phelan paused. This time Perry did not break in, and the half audible monologue continued:

"I'd have had the sense to know that a girl like this would be a sirt an' wouldn't double cross me if she loved me if her life depended on her doin' it. I'd a' licked any guy that said she could. an' if I'd seen her kiss another man, I'd a' punched him on the jaw an' laid myself a lar. Her name is Jimma. Paul passed the Eighth would a' done 'em."

"Yes," broke in Perry in a curiously subdued voice. "These eyes of mine do funny things sometimes. I'll bet \$0 they... they... they... they... they... they..."

"What do you mean?" asked Phelan.

"I'm dead stuck on you, Paul. All right even if you did happen to be a sirt, eccentric a few minutes ago. You can explain an' we'll talk. I'll just say good-bye, then I'll see you again."

He slipped an arm about her waist as he spoke, awkwardly speaking to stone for his recent anger. The secretary looked at them for an instant, then said nothing.

"You can tell him, Cynthia. He's a good fellow. Come on, sideman. I think you and I still have something to say to each other."

Cynthia and Perry drifted away toward the conservatory again, quite oblivious of others, while Phelan and the secretary made their way to a deserted alcove off the ballroom.

* * * * *

"I've been looking all over for you, Mr. Bennett," called Judge Newman, hurrying out through the chain of anterooms as Alwyn wandered out of the ballroom into the foyer a few moments later.

"Anything important?" asked Bennett, pausing in his stroll and greeting the older man cordially. He had known the Judge as an old acquaintance for many years, and always had a decided liking for the pompous, haughty little dignitary. Surrounded as he was by political intrigue, backache and association with rogues, the harassed young man had welcomed the variety provided by the new arrivals, the haranguing young man who welcomed the variety provided by a chat with his old friend of his boyhood.

"Nothing important," replied Bennett, "Are you just taking pity on a lonely chap and giving him a chance to chat with you over old times?"

"Well," began the Judge, his customary air of pronounced nervousness tinged by an almost comical shyness, "I would like to have a little business talk with you if you don't mind, but our minds are occupied with work at the moment."

"Not at all. I've had the honor of dancing with your daughter, and I assure her that as far as you're concerned, this evening, the least I can do is to repay such pleasure by—"

"Did you really?" beamed the Judge, whom the unscrupulous state of his health had again given him a wan smile.

"I'm sure, Mr. Newman will be pleased. But this business matter, you know—won't misunderstand me?"

"Of course not," replied Alwyn heartily. "You are too old friends, Judge."

He slipped an arm around her waist as he spoke.

"I see you have some trouble coming to the point," said Alwyn, musing the

judge's evident discomfiture, "and I'm there's a friend, and I like to think of you as one of my own best friends. There surely should be no hesitation in asking anything in my power to grant."

Thus emboldened Newman blurted

"—we—that is, seems to me you have been a little hard upon this Borrough franchise bill. If you don't mind my saying so, Bennett. Couldn't you let me up on that point?"

"I can't. I can't. I can't," replied Bennett, still trying to connect Newman with the Wainwright-Horizon clique and attributing the judge's interest in the matter to an amateur's love of dabbling in politics. "I can't get up on the fight," he continued.

"I'm afraid you're right," he said, "but this particular franchise bill is rotten to the core. In sheer justice to my oath of office I must fight it."

"I'm afraid you're right in a rather manner that he had others found

successful in argument. "I was in politics long before you were born, and I'm speaking for your own good when I say I deeply regret the stand you've taken in this matter. You objected to the bill, and I understand from all you claim that your original demand has been made in it. As the gentlemen who asked me to speak to you said"—

"I checked him off a minute ago," interposed the judge, closing his eyes to the vanishing of the friend's light in the young man's face. Warned New, he had made a fatal error.

"So you come to me as an emissary, not as a friend," said Bennett slowly, "and you're going to come from—"

"Are we going to repeat all that can make or break your career—political and organizational?"

"In other words, Wainwright and Horizons?"

"Yes. All they ask is that you're not needed, that you're—"

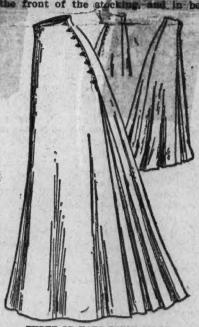
"That I look the other way while they rob the city?"

(To be Continued)

FASHION JOTTINGS.

Something Odd in Moseley—Velvet Ribbon Much Used in Millinery.

The oddest of the new stockings is spanned in tiny, little golds and beads and of course is to be worn with the slipper decorated in the same fashion. The stockings run in a design on the front of the stocking, and in be-



THREE OR FOUR PIECE SKIRT.

Within the line of the beads are little silk tassels.

Velvet ribbon trims many of the new hats, and moire and faille are the second favorites in ribbon, but all lace weaves are popular, too, and are lavishly used on the spring millinery.

Floral garnitures are in great evidence on evening gowns, one large mimosa bloom being considered very chic.

The correct coiffure is distinctly lower and arranged to stand well away from the head, and the hedgehog curl are encircled by bands of silver or gold ribbon. The front hair is usually arranged, though the back may be left free, as in the picture, or pinned at one side if preferred. The hair in any case is far less bouffant than was formerly the recognized vogue.

The skirt is made in few pieces and suggests the hip line without being tightly fitted while it extends slightly above the waist line is the one that is in great demand just now.

The model illustrated is built after these requirements and is adapted to an infinite variety of materials.

JUDIC CHOLET.

This May Mantua pattern is cut in five pieces—from 20 to 24 inches in length.

Send 10 cents to the address giving name and size, and it will be promptly forwarded to you.

—

Card in the Barber Shop.

"Our client is the lowest in town," observed the barber.

"Cut rates, eh?" said the customer as he looked at his incarcerated chin in the glass.—Judge.

—

Undressed.

"If he has promised, why don't you give him an answer?"

"I can't make up my mind whether he would like him when I got him home."—Brooklyn Life.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson V.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 1, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xviii, 1-22.

Memory Verse, 9, 10—Golden Text, John xvi, 33—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Copyright, 1909, by Action Press Association.)

Whether we can results from the world mission we know, that His word will always accomplish His will.

What is the capacity of the world?

What is the capacity of the church?

What is the capacity of the world?

What

YANKEE VALLEY.

Yankee Valley is broadening in many respects. This spring has witnessed the influx of several eager fortune seekers from the "Great Nation in the South," as we Yankees delight to hear our country termed. But most of us are now full-fledged Canadians, at least in the sense that we are here to stay. Yes, and root hard for success.

The newcomers to our valley are very aggressive, put up good houses, barns, etc., then they fly off the soil of hundreds of acres of virgin land, and by hook or by crook, by stem or gun, in any way to conquer the wild mother earth quickly and effectively, and bring from her golden treasures, which in turn will enable us to lead comfortable lives in our adopted country. This great transformation work is most interesting, albeit the struggle at times may seem hazardous.

Of course we expect to harvest a bumper crop this year, at any rate we wear our best and most hopeful smiles as we gaze over our ripening fields.

For the benefit of our new farmers, let me say that Alberta has two very excellent experimental farms, one at Lethbridge and the other at Lacombe. These are very important institutions in our agricultural development, and every farmer in the province ought to avail himself of the valuable work these scientific and up-to-date farmers are doing for us. Although young, these institutions are well equipped and available to all kinds of information possible from them. If you want to do first-class farming, don't think you know it all, because you don't; neither does your neighbor. The better plan is to ask the Superintendent of one of the Experimental Farms a few hundred questions as to how best to do this or that, the more questions you ask and the outcome you write, or visit his farm, the latter preferred, the more will he think of you and take an interest in your problems and help make your efforts successful. Remember, the old skills of the forefathers are thinking, experimenting and demonstrating; in order that we may be spared years of costly blundering. It will pay well to get acquainted with our experimental farms. "Till it now!"

Captions read fell-heep last Saturday and Sunday. Safatrig's shower was accompanied with considerable electricity. One bolt killed two fine horses for Mr. R. C. Hamm, a loss that felt more keenly because Mr. Hamm sustained the loss of a third horse a few months ago.

Miss Nola Ekstrom, Grandma Ekstrom and Bernard, have spent several weeks visiting the valley, principally the pleasant home of "Chub" Ekstrom. On their return to Reynolds, Illinois, they plan to go via Seattle for a week's peep at the Exposition. Miss Nola spent a few days visiting friends in Calgary and Strathmore last week.

A very successful ice cream social was held at Columbia School last Wednesday evening. An enjoyable program was carried on and the classes were the best and the old and good ladies of the Valley, were making Columbia School quite an educational and social centre.

We are delighted to know that one, and possibly two, elevators will be built in Airdrie very, very soon, also the village committee other much needed improvements, such as a good sidewalk to the depot, etc.

While these improvements are going on, it is not bad to sell a dozen or two about our telephone lines, which seem as dead as a door nail, at least so far as communication with the village is concerned. Let's fix it and quit "ensemming."

WILLIE PEAGREEN.

CROSSFIELD

Sunny Alberta!

C. A. S. S. What is it?

Remember October 13th.

Have you subscribed yet?

For Government Hail Insurance see Hultgren & Davie.

For Government Hail Insurance see Geo. W. Boyce.

Miss Olive Mettill, of Camrose, who has been visiting at J. S. Martin's ranch for a few days, left for Calgary on Tuesday.

E. Hazel, who was connected with the Alberta Hotel of this town, has accepted a position from Geo. Stratton, late of Olds, who is now proprietor of the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield.—The Olds Gazette.

ESSAY ON EDITORS.

A little boy in town was given the stony by his father to write an essay on editors, and here is the result: "I don't know" how newspapers came to be in the world. I don't think God does for he hasn't got nothing to say about them or editors in the Bible. I think the editor is one of the missing links you read of and stayed in the bushes until after the flood and then came out and wrote the thing up, and has been here ever since. I don't think he ever dies. Never saw a dead one and never heard of one getting sick. Our paper is a mighty good one; but the editor goes without underclothes all winter and doesn't wear any socks and paw ain't paid his subscription since the paper started. I ast paw if that was why the editor had to suck the juice out of snowballs in the winter and go to bed when he had his shirt wash in the summer. And then paw took me out in the woolshed and licked me awfully hard. If the editor makes a mistake people say he ought to be hung, but if the doctor makes any mistakes he buries them and the people dastn't say nothing because doctors can read and write Latin. When the editor makes a mistake there is lawsuits, and swearing and a big fuss; but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, eat flowers and perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anybody knowing what it means; but if the editor uses one he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit; but if the editor goes he gets a charge of buckshot. When the doctor gets drunk it's a case of overcome by the heat, and if he dies it from heart trouble; when an editor gets drunk it's a case of too much booze and if he dies it's the jimm-jams. Any old college can make a doctor; a editor has to be born.—Ex.

Glenbow News.

Once more we have had heavy rain after some extremely hot weather. Hay-making is general and a heavy crop expected. We are all sorry to hear Dan MacDonald is not so well again. The patient seems to be suffering from a complication of ailments but we are hoping for the best and trust Dan will soon be fully recovered and amongst us once more. He is now in the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary under Drs. Anti and Mayhood's care.

De la Vergne's house is about finished. It is a masterpiece of design and structure. It does credit to the contractors.

Contractor Bradley is finishing up the road between Glenbow post office and Waverley Road and has made a vast improvement. There are many more contracts for him as soon as he is ready for them. Glenbow is very busy this summer.

The Quarry Co. have got their works in a first class shape, and it is a wonderful sight to see the cranes, running up and down on heavy walls of timbers, lifting up easily and simply a stone weighing over 1000 lbs. in the same way as a man would pick up a pebble. The works although are complete and are nearly first class in every shape and form, and are a credit not only to the ingenious heads of the firm but to Glenbow too. Over 100 men are working now in the works and Mr. Quinlan, told your correspondent that he intended to steadily increase the number of men right along and that no one who can handle stone would be turned away if he wanted a job. The present fund stands that he and the C. P. R. company are jointly making out a design and plan and sending the C. P. R. branch to the first landing in the quarry works and that this movement was absolutely necessary as the vast amount of stone which would be turned out in the future could not be handled without the cars being brought up alongside the works. The very fact that the C. P. R. company entertain such an extensive and extensive scheme shows plainly the confidence they have in the future of Glenbow.

E. Hazel, who was connected with the Alberta Hotel of this town, has accepted a position from Geo. Stratton, late of Olds, who is now proprietor of the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield.—The Olds Gazette.

Changing The Day

By Raymond Campbell
Copyrighted, 1905, by Associated Literary Press.

want to tell that when the job is done and Groll & Sheldon become a firm of importance Mrs. Sheldon is proud of what her husband has done." "I shall always be proud of what you do, Fred," reminded Bess. "We two are the only ones that live in the old town in all this big city, we've always been chums, and you're one of the proudest of your great achievements."

"That's not what I want," said Fred impatiently. "Of course, I'm proud of this chance, no matter what, and the dinner rush was over, and we was certain that no one would come now until after the theaters let out.

More than two young people at the table would enough chat for half an hour or so, which time Alphonse might spend with profit in discussing with the fat bartender certain nice points in the mixing of cocktails.

Most of the young patrons, however, did not drink, and Sheldon and the girl Alphonse had brought with him dined alone the cigar came from the corner box on the five cent end, but when the young lady came Alphonse gave her a broad smile and a hearty causal "The usual, madam."

This was intended to impress the guest with the belief that Sheldon had

Alphonse set the coffee pot close to the bar, and indulged in a quiet, slow, leisurely walk around the room, and when he dined alone the cigar came from the corner box on the five cent end, but when the young lady came Alphonse gave her a broad smile and a hearty causal "The usual, madam."

"Then let me carry the burden," he pleaded. "Let me do the planning for you in six months from now I shall be at the top of that heap and making money, but you can come to those meetings of ours very pleasant, dear, if you will only listen to your heart—and me."

"I have listened to you," she reminded, with a light laugh. "Why, Freddy, this is the first time I have seen you in more than a year that you have not urged me to marry you. I'd like to do, but there is my career."

"Does it all pay?" he demanded. "Is it worth all the work and the trouble?"

"Perhaps," she said uncertainly, and Sheldon pressed the advantage.

"Wouldn't it be nice if you didn't have to script and scrape and plan the details of your personal life?" he demanded.

"Wouldn't it be nice to have a real home instead of a three room flat, to eat regular meals instead of chafing dish messes and—well, to have me across the table every night instead of across the street?" he said.

"It would be our own table, too," she remanded, "and not a table of hate."

"Perhapse," he said, and Sheldon pressed the advantage.

"It was spoken so low that Sheldon had to strain his ears to catch the whispered words, and he caught it, and his face beamed satisfaction.

"And you will marry me?" he cried delightedly.

This time he did not hear, but he knew that the coveted answer had been given, and he turned his head back toward nervously with the cup.

He spoke no word, for none was needed. Their eyes told each other messages that never have been put into words, spoke a language that only lovers know—and Sheldon was content.

It was Alphonse whose discreet but suggestive cough from the doorway leading to the main room recalled them to more earthly matters and an unusual check. Sheldon drew a bill from his pocket and laid it upon the tray.

"Keep the change," he said, "and drink to our good fortune." Then Alphonse, brimming with pride, announced his radiant triumph in French and English that it should be done.

In Sansan's customers tipped half a dollar only when the worse for wine. However, a man who had just married, who had tipped 60 cents, Alphonse's thanks followed them even up onto the street, where Sheldon tucked Bess' arm into his own with a new air of proprietorship that the girl found very comforting.

"Perchance," she whispered, "did you know that I was tired and depressed today?"

"Did you ask me out to dinner to propose to me?" demanded Bess.

"Not particularly," he admitted. "What I really wanted was that my big chance had come along. You have made a good contract, and he needs a man to put a little money and a lot of time into the business. I have more experience than money, but Ben wants to be a partner and I am interested if I'll come in. It's what I've been working and waiting for ever since I came to town, Bess, and this is to celebrate my good luck."

Alphonse's hand was stretched across the boy's table and she laid her fingers over his.

"Dear boy, I am so glad," she said sincerely. "You have worked hard, and you are entitled to your reward."

"Which is why I am going to ask for your reward," he said. "I am going to break my usual custom and propose on Thursday instead of Saturday, Bess. I want you to work for me. It will be pretty hard camping with the construction gang and working in the open field corps. I want to come back to camp every night and feel that I have done another good day's work for you."

"Work like virtue, should be its own reward," she responded. Sheldon took his hand and she laid it upon his.

"I know that all," he said, "but that sounds better than it works out. I

Not Sure of It.
She—they say that there is a fool in every family. Do you believe that? If—Er—well, I hardly like to say, I'm the only member of my family.

Lowered.

Maud—Belle doesn't wear French heels any more. Her husband won't let her. Ethel—I said she would lower herself by marrying—Boston Transcript.

Consciousness of ignorance is no small part of knowledge—Jerome.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.—Sidney.

CROSSFIELD LODGE I. O. O. F.

No.  42

Meets Every Wednesday Night in the Oddfellows Hall at 8 p.m.
Visiting brethren welcome.

James Dryburgh, Rec.-Sec.

Gen. W. Boyce, A. Wheeler, Secy.

W. M. C. R. Secy.

D. Ontkes, James Mewhort, C. R. Secy.

C. R. Secy.

R. L. Boyle, Secy.

F. H. Cornold, Secy.

T. H. Corriveau, Secy.

Sterlingville, Alta.

or Dowline, Aldrich Co., Carstairs, Alta.

The Bow River Horse Ranch, Proprietors, Cochrane.

NOTICE.

Information as to whereabouts of horses branded "H" and with tails squared, outside our pastures, will be appreciated and expenses paid by

The Bow River Horse Ranch,

Proprietors, Cochrane.

FOR SALE Onecocktail 14 shee

drill, and one Massey-Harris disc

harrow both practical new, will sell

for cash or trade for cattle.

R. L. Boyle.

BEST WOVEN WIRE FENCE.

Steel or No. 9 hard steel wire, New and Improved look. While only "a colt can jump" the new Frost-Woven Fence has a strength of 1000 lbs. per square foot. It is of the right material, properly put together to adequately withstand the most severe weather. It is strong, while a fence, particularly a new one could be subjected to. It will prove the value of a "pedigree" in fences, well worth the cost.

Our Galvanized Gates are sold at the same price as others charge for painted ones.

Our agent will be pleased to show you samples of the fencing and quote prices.

C. J. MCARTHUR, Agent, CROSSFIELD.

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Steel or No. 9 hard steel wire, New and Improved look. While only "a colt can jump" the new Frost-Woven Fence has a strength of 1000 lbs. per square foot. It is of the right material, properly put together to adequately withstand the most severe weather. It is strong, while a fence, particularly a new one could be subjected to. It will prove the value of a "pedigree" in fences, well worth the cost.

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Information as to whereabouts of horses branded "H" and with tails squared, outside our pastures, will be appreciated and expenses paid by

The Bow River Horse Ranch,

Proprietors, Cochrane.

SEED WHEAT

Hard \$1.50 Soft \$1.25 per bushel, if taken at once. Apply to

T. H. Cornold,

Sterlingville, Alta.

or Dowline, Aldrich Co., Carstairs, Alta.

The Bow River Horse Ranch,

Proprietors, Cochrane.

LOST.

Strayed from P. Brookshaw's place Dark grey mare, bridled J> on right shoulder and 90 lbs. weight, white about 100 lbs. Should have fed footings reward on return to J. W. Whitfield, Cochrane.



The Key to the Situation

If you are looking for a situation a Clever Woman Advertises the key with complete information. Call the private office of the business man. He is too busy to interview all the time, but you can catch his attention and secure an appointment by a "Situation Wanted" ad.

Copyrighted by W. Bellamy

The Matchmaking of Bobby.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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With a smile of glorious anticipation illuminating his chubby face, Bobby trotted up the street as fast as a pair of very fat and very little legs would carry him. He was going to see Dick Brant. Next to visiting Alice Mayling this was his greatest treat.

Bobby had never been so amiable, so good-natured, so full of surprises like Miss Mayling, but he could tell stories of Indians and grizzlies and other creatures dear to the small boy's heart.

Miss Mayling's stories carried morals and lessons, but they were so very good that Bobby found them extraordinarily interesting. Had it not been that the Mayling cakes were as good as her young heroes Bobby would not have been a frequent caller on Alice.

This afternoon he was warning his dimples hands before the open fire be regarded with secret awe the "deft dash" in which Brant rolled his eyes a click, "life with one hand." Brant had been a good boy until he had run across a mite while he was looking for stray cattle, and he could throw a rope and talk real Indian talk.

"I looked for you yesterday," said Dick Brant gravely as he sank into a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace.

"I was seeing Miss Mayling," explained Bobby. "She makes cake on Thursdays."

"And you deserved me because Miss Mayling was making cake," cried Dick solemnly. "Thinking, though, he used mock pathos, he was a little bit jealous. Somehow Bobby seemed to Brant the most sincere friend he had made in the big eastern city."

"Come to think of it, I put out the oven," explained Bobby. "She always bakes a little cake for me, and of course I have to go and eat it."

"I suppose so," admitted Dick, "but I was very lonesome yesterday."

"I'm sorry I didn't call with prompt penitence and a troubled face. 'Wouldn't it be nice,'" he added, "if I could go to see you and Miss Mayling at the same time? You could tell me stories and we could have cake."

He stared into the fire, lost in rapture at the thought of this most valuable combination. Dick looked scared and blushing. He was little used to female society, and a suggestion like that, even from a boy, startled him. Besides, he had been secretly studying Miss Mayling from afar.

"Then you wouldn't be lonesome any more," resumed Bobby, the vast attractions of the social life growing on him, "and now I don't have to see you; 'cause then you and she would have each other. But of course I would come to see you," he added quickly.

"It would be awful nice."

"I guess it would," asserted Dick a little absentmindedly.

"Then why don't you?" demanded Bobby, with exasperating directness.

"To begin with, I don't know her," explained Dick. "You see, she doesn't have a lady before he can call on her, and I've never met Miss Mayling."

When Bobby finally trotted away he was thinking deeply. It was absurd that such a man should not know Miss Mayling.

At the next hasty day at Miss Mayling's the thought was revived, and with a denial that meant imminent determination to him to be obtained permanent possession of the spice cake home. As soon as he was out of her sight he carried it to Brant, his fat legs speeding wonderfully.

"Ain't it fine?" he demanded eagerly when he had watched Brant devour the last spicy morsel, not without envy that almost assumed a pugnacious edge.

"Simply great," admitted Brant, with unforced enthusiasm. "I tell you, Bob, if a woman's got made that cake is a wonder of a cook."

Bobby beamed his professional satisfaction. "I thought you'd like it," he said, confidently. "She makes nice cakes than that sometimes. I'll bring you another when she makes fruit cake."

"Don't do it," advised Brant grimly. "If the fruit cake is as good as this I'm liable to abduct her and force her to make cake for me the rest of her life."

"What's about?" demanded Bobby. When the word had been explained to him he wrinkled his pudgy brows. But if another deep idea had come to denote, he remained a secret in his fat breast. "Give us an Indian story," he demanded.

"All right, son," said Dick as he stretched himself out in his easy chair and pointed to the window. "Tell me again with the story of how Chief Spotted Panther carried off his Indian wife from the camp of a hostile tribe. He was unusually graphic in his

story telling, for as he went on he began to imagine that he was Spotted Panther and Miss Mayling was the Indian maid. Thus waddly had the unprincipled suggestions of the scheming boy worked on the mind of the young man. But it must be admitted in his favor that it was not the cake, but the memory of her womanly sweetnes that had fired his thoughts and led him to his present course.

It was a deeply impressed small boy who climbed down off the chair arm when the tale was done and regretfully announced that he would have to be going home. The very next day he was back to tell Alice Mayling with the more or less peremptory request that she bake him a fruit cake.

"Going to have a tea party, Bobby?" she asked gayly.

"Bobby shooed his head solemnly and declined to be drawn into trifling conversation, for some one who doesn't get nice cake," he concluded at last, examining Miss Mayling shrewdly as he spoke.

"I won't tell," he said, "but it is I who baked it. I'm a good boy, and helping the revelation of some new love affair. Bobby was as popular as he was tickle, and Miss Mayling, hardened by experience with the young man, supposed that only the power of a good cake could have induced the eating of her cake the day before.

"How I got it?" he asked anxiously, fearful that a premature explanation might destroy the success of the abduction.

"Very certainly," insisted Miss Mayling. "Bobby was dismayed. But the cake must be secured at all hazards."

"It's for Mr. Brant," he explained. "He said if you baked him a fruit cake he'd be a good boy and bit the nylons on the head with his nylawhisk and carry off and make you bake cake for him all the rest of your life. You'll have to live in a tent and cook with hot stones instead of a gas range, and—and—anyhow, you'll have to if you tempt him with fruit cake."

Miss Mayling leaned over and kissed the earnest little face.

"I think," she said softly, "that I'll bake two little cakes next week. Wilson's Fly Pad will help you and your friend shall have one."

Bobby looked into the serene face into which there had crept something he had never seen there before—a ten dollar bill in the evening lips that made him look like a spade-and-diamond with eyes turned.

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BEISEKER GENERAL STORE

A Full Line of Farm Machinery and All Kinds of General Merchandise Carried in Stock.

THOS. HAGEL,

BEISEKER,

ALBERTA

FOR SALE.

PURE BRED BELGIAN STALLIONS.

One 3 years old, light bay, weight about 1850 lbs.
 One 4 " " bay, " " 1850 lbs.
 One 5 " " bay, " " 2200 lbs.
 One 5 " " chestnut, " " 1950 lbs.
 Horses can be seen and terms obtained at H. & G. Nottet's Ranch, Big Hill Creek, Cochrane, Alta.

Work Horses For Sale.

Twelve Heavy Colts, 3 years old, unbroken.

One Team General Purpose Horses, 4 years old, broken.

CHARLES PERRENOUD,
Cochrane.

ALBERTA HOTEL.

Good Accommodation

REASONABLE RATES.

GEO. STRATTON, Prop.

LETHBRIDGE —COAL—

We have the exclusive agency for Lethbridge Gault Coal.

You cannot buy this high class coal from anyone else in town.

Parker The Livery Barn

Now

Is the time to bring in your

Plows & Wagons

To be fitted up before the rush of spring work begins.

Walter Bradley

LOST.

Strayed from P. Brookshaw's place. Dark grey mare, branded J< on right shoulder and 59 on right shoulder weight about 1000 lbs. Should have foal at foot. \$5 reward on return to J. W. Whitefield, Cochrane.

\$10 Reward.

Lost a dark bay mare, black points, about 15.3 hands high branded G on left hip; fore top cut off, about half grown out again, 7 years old; supposed to have foal at foot. \$10 reward will be paid for information as to its whereabouts.

W. Brandon, Airdrie P. O.

Hogs Wanted.

You will do well to see D. K. Pike before you sell hogs to anyone else. Lives sec. 4, tp. 29 r. 2 west of 5th or Crossfield P. O.

TWO ELEVATORS FOR AIRDRIE.

Two elevators are to be erected in Airdrie this year. The Alberta Pacific Co. intend to have a 30,000 bushel capacity elevator erected and Messrs. Cumming & Co. will also put up an elevator of the same capacity. We understand Messrs. Cumming & Co. will commence work on their elevator at once.

AIRDRIE.

Misses Shear, of Illinois are on a visit to Mrs. MacCornack.

At the recent show in Calgary J. Coonie got second prize for Pencrof yearling stallion.

Jasper Johnston, Rev. Mr. Johnson's little son is we regret to learn suffering from appendicitis.

Papers for the incorporation of the village have been completed and were sent away early this week.

Mr. Fred Chisholm, of Airdrie, has taken a position in Magee & Panruker's store.—Alix Free Press.

Dr. Smith brought a party of land buyers to Airdrie on Thursday. He was accompanied by Dr. Hoople, brother of Dr. Smith's partner.

We regret to learn that Dr. Edward is on the sick list and is in hospital in Calgary. Dr. Bishop of Crossfield, has been attending some of his cases.

A well has been drilled for the school. Good water was struck at a depth of 71 feet. The outfit has now moved to Dr. Edward's place and a well will be drilled for him.

Last Friday evening the Methodist Ladies Aid held a social at the Ky Ranch. As the night was fine there was a good attendance and all enjoyed the good programme provided.

Congratulations to J. Coonie on his promotion to Captain in the 15th Light Horse. Other promotions are Corporal Jones to be Sergeant and Private Cleal to be Corporal.

On Wednesday night a "Hans-Times" social took place at Columbia School. A large number were present and enjoyed themselves immensely. Miss D. Patrick took the prize for her costume and H. Eldridge won at pie eating. The proceeds go to the piano fund.

J. H. Smith has returned from a trip south, where he was looking over 100,000 acres of fine land which will probably be put on the market soon. While down there he saw the Bow Island gas well which had been capped until the other day when a man out of recklessness ignited it, putting a light to it, when the cap was blown off and the gas blazed up.

SPARING HER NERVES.

A Careful, Considerate Visitor and His Timid Friend.

The mistakes which were plentifully sprinkled along Mrs. Comer's career were never regretted by any one more than by Mrs. Comer herself. "I used the very best judgment I had," she said, referring to one unfortunate occurrence, "but, as usual, everything went wrong."

"You see, I went to Greenville in the morning with Mrs. Hobart, intending to go on to Nasaba, but I changed my mind when we found a turned cool and spent the day with Anna Woods, going home at dusk. I'd forgotten my little bag with my key in it, so I went right over to Mrs. Hobart's."

"She'd gone down the road to Mrs. Ober's, but I found her behind the left door, sitting and reading in."

"The house was dark, but I said to myself, 'I won't light a lamp for fear of scaring her, a timid woman, living all alone, as she does.' So I sat in the dark till I heard her coming up the walk."

"When she found the door was unlocked she gave a kind of a gasp, so I stepped forward and then, as long as I had a cold so my voice didn't sound natural, I said, 'Mrs. Hobart, don't be scared, here she being so timid.'

"'And, if you'll believe me,' finished Mrs. Comer plaintively, "she felt right over in a faint and cut her forehead on the edge of the seat, and I thought I'd need to bring her to."

"There's no use trying to be careful with a woman like her."

CIRCUS CHILDREN.

The Making of Acrobats Begins at an Early Age.

It is nothing unusual for the larger circuses to carry thirty and forty children, ranging all the way from mere babies to boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen years of age. Most of the acrobats are born to their parents, both the father and mother being daily duty in the ring, and while often they are trained to follow in the steps of their elders who are seldom allowed to perform in public.

It is not uncommon among circus men that the performers whose training is not started until the age of six will seldom make a distinctive record. Following the afternoon show I often saw groups of mothers, some of whom could hardly have been over four or five years of age, practising rhythmic songs and dances, smoking and springing, while their offspring, clad in a gratified expression, gazed on with admiration.

"The mother who has the most influence on the acrobats is the father," the trainer recited, "and the reason is that their ancestors with the pride of Zion in his father's sword, and who see no more inspiring calling for their own children than that of the great white canvas."

Not that education is neglected in other respects. Several of the families often hire an instructor—perhaps one of the performers who has the time and ability for such work—to teach their children in the standard studies. Once a year there is a traveling school for the youngsters. If they are to be acrobats, they are to be educated acrobats—Bohemian Magazine.

A Sponge That Works.

"For a sponge that works better," said an old New England fisherman.

On a bleak, gray afternoon they stood at the seashore—the old man and his city cousin from Boston. A great bell hung from a scaffold, and under a tattered cover was a great sponge.

"This here machine is bound up regular," the fisherman explained, "but this here sponge is kept under cover so as the rain can't get at it. In dry weather, match'rally, the sponge is dry and light; in foggy, though it gets heavy with salt water, it's rather heavy, but heavy enough for to press down the lever that starts the machinery a-going. Then ding-dong, ding-dong, sounds the bell in the fog, savvy many a fisherman from wreck on this rock bound coast!"—Exchanged.

A Persistent Hen.

Ever hear about our little red hen? Well, sir, she was on the set for keeps. Couldn't keep her off. Old fashioned, she was, and she was a good hen, match safe—anything was good enough for her. Finally I put her on three mud turtles, and I hope to die if she didn't eat all her alligators, sir, three of 'em! One of 'em ate her up, and when we opened him there was the hen settled on his back teeth. And they'd swelled up so they choked her to death.—Exchange.

Unreasonable.

"My husband is so very unreasonable. Most husbands are. What did you do?"

"He fixed a fishhook in one of his pockets because he pretended to suppose that I robbed him at night, and then he blamed me because he forgot it was there."

Carelessly Defined.

"What is the distinguishing quality of the problem play?"

"It makes you think. The first half keeps you thinking what the question is, and the second half keeps you guessing what's the answer."

Exceedingly Strong Line

OF

Early Spring Shoes



Oxfords

Already Here For Your Choosing. They Include All the Newest in Up-To-Date Footwear as well as The Good Old Standard Styles and Leathers.

In Gent's Furnishings

We have a Fine Line of Green Swifts Up-to-Date Suits
W. G. & R. Fine Shirts and Faultless Brand
Of Working Shirts and Overalls.

In Groceries

We have the Most Complete Stock in Town.

A Few of the Leaders are

PURITY FLOUR
WAGSTAFF'S JAM
BLUE RIBBON GOODS

A Car of Salt has arrived.

Wm. Urquhart, Crossfield

Harness and Findings.

Our Stock is Complete and UP-TO-DATE in every respect.

DON'T FORGET

That it is of the Utmost Importance to get GOOD WORKMANSHIP, GOOD LEATHER and Lots of it.

We give strict attention to every detail in the manufacture of our goods. We keep our business to the front. You will Save Money and be assured of a Square Deal, if you deal with the Old Reliable

E. B. Shantz

Carstairs - and - Didsbury.

Headquarters for All Kinds of Saddlery